



Mr. Kemble as Philaster.

PHILASTER.

A TRAGEDY.

ALTERED FROM

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

TAKEN FROM

THE MANAGER'S BOOK.

AT THE

Theatre Royal, Drury - Lane.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DRURY-LANE.

MEN.

King	.	.	.	Mr. Packer
Philaster	.	.	.	Mr. Kemble.
Pharamond	.	.	.	Mr. Barrymore.
Dion	.	.	.	Mr. Fawcett.
Cleremont	.	.	.	Mr. Phillimore.
Thrasiline	.	.	.	Mr. Chaplin.
Captain	.	.	.	Mr. Waldron.
Countryman	.	.	.	Mr. Burton.
Messengers	}	.	.	Mr. Spencer.
Woodmen	}	.	.	Mr. Lyons.
				Mr. Alfred.
				Mr. Jones.

WOMEN.

Arethusa	.	Miss Collina.
Euphrasia (disguised under the name of Bellario)	.	Mrs. Jordan.
Megara	.	Mrs. Ward.
Galatea	.	Miss Tidswell.
Lady	.	Miss Palmer.

SCENE, SICILY.

PHILASTER.

ACT I. SCENE I. *An antechamber in the Palace. Enter*
Dion, Cleremont, and Thrasiline.

Cler. **H**ERE's nor lords nor ladies.

Dion. Credit me, gentlemen, I wonder at it. They received strict charge from the king to attend here. Besides, it was loudly published, that no officer should forbid any gentleman that desired to attend and hear.

Cler. Can you guess the cause?

Dion. Sir, it is plain about the Spanish prince, that's come to marry our kingdom's heir, and be our sovereign.

Cler. Many, that will seem to know much, say, she looks not on him like a maid in love.

Thra. They say too, moreover, that the lady Megra (sent hither by the queen of Spain, Pharamond's mother, to grace the train of Arethusa, and attend her to her new home, when espoused to the prince) carries herself somewhat too familiarly towards Pharamond; and it is whispered, that there is too close an intercourse between him and that lady.

Dion. Troth, perhaps there may; tho' the multitude (that seldom know any thing but their own opinions) speak what they would have. But the prince, before his own approach, received so many confident messages from the state, and bound himself by such indissoluble engagements, that I think their nuptials must go forwards, and the princess is resolved to be ruled.

Cler. Sir, it is thought, with her he shall enjoy both these kingdoms of Sicily and Calabria.

Dion. Sir, it is, without controversy, so meant. But 'twill be a troublesome labour for him to enjoy both these kingdoms with safety, the right heir to one of them living, and living so virtuously; especially, the people admiring the bravery of his mind, and lamenting his injuries.

Cler. Who, Philaster?

Dion. Yes, whose father, we all know, was by our late king of Calabria unrighteously deposed from his fruitful Sicily. Myself drew some blood in those wars, which I would give my hand to be washed from.

Cler. Sir, my ignorance in state-policy will not let know why, Philaster being heir to one of these kingdoms, the king should suffer him to walk abroad with such free liberty.

Dion. Sir, it seems your nature is more constant than to enquire after state-news. But the king, of late, made a hazard of both the kingdoms of Sicily, and his own, with offering but to imprison Philaster; at which the city was in arms, not to be charmed down by any state-order or proclamation, till they saw Philaster ride through the streets, pleased, and without a guard;

at which they threw their hats and their arms from them, some to make bonfires, some to drink, all for his deliverance. Which, wise men say, is the cause the king labours to bring in the power of a foreign nation to awe his own with. (*Flour sh.*)

Thra. Peace ; the king.

SCENE II. *Draws, and discovers the King, Pharamond, Arethusa, and train.*

King. To give a stronger testimony of love Than promises, we have drawn you, worthy sir, To make your fair endearments to our daughter, And worthy services known to our subjects, Next, our intent

To plant you deeply, our immediate heir Both to our blood and kingdoms.

Last, noble son, (for so I now must call you) What I have done thus public, is to confirm The nobles, and gentry of these kingdoms, By oath to your succession, which shall be Within this month at most.

Pha. Kissing your white hand, mistress, I take leave, To thank your royal father ; and thus far To be my own free trumpet. Understand, Great king, and these your subjects, gentlemen, Believe me, in a word, a prince's word, There shall be nothing to make up a kingdom Mighty and flourishing, defended, fear'd, Equal to be commanded and obey'd, But through the travels of my life I'll find it, And tie it to this country. And I vow, My reign shall be so easy to the subject, That ev'ry man shall be his prince himself, And his own law : (yet I his prince and law) And, dearest lady, let me say, you are The blessed't living ; for sweet princess, you Sha'l make him yours for whom great queens must die.

Thra. Miraculous !

Cler. This speech calls him Spaniard, being nothing but A large inventory of his own commendations. But here comes one more worthy those large speeches, Than the large speaker of them.

Enter Philaster.

Phi. Right noble sir, as low as my obedience, And with a heart as loyal as my knee, I beg your favour.

King. Rise ; you have it, sir, Speak your intents, sir.

Phi. Shall I speak them freely ? Be still my royal sovereign—

King. As a subject, We give you freedom.

Diau. Now it heats.

Phi. Then thus I turn
My language to you, prince, you, foreign man.
Ne'er stare, nor put on wonder; for you must
Indure me, and you shall. This earth you tread on,
(A dowry, as you hope, with this fair princess)
By my dead father (oh, I had a father,
Whose memory I bow to!) was not left
To your inheritance, and I up and living,
Having myself about me, and my sword,
The souls of all my name, and memories,
These arms and some few friends, besides the gods,
To part so calmly with it, and sit still,
And say, I might have been. I tell thee, Pharamond,
When thou art king, look I be dead and rotten,
And my name ashes. For, hear me, Pharamond,
This very ground thou goest on, this fat earth,
My father's friends made fertile with their faiths,
Before that day of shame, shall gape, and swallow
Thee and thy nation, like a hungry grave,
Into her hidden bowels. Prince, it shall;
By Nemesis it shall.

King. You do displease us.
You are too bold.

Phi. No, sir, I am too tame,
Too much a turtle; a thing born without passion,
A faint shadow, that every drunken cloud sails over,
And maketh nothing.

Phi. What have you seen in me to stir offence
I cannot find, unless it be this lady,
Offer'd into mine arms, with the succession,
Which I must keep, though it hath pleas'd your fury
To mutiny within you. The king grants it,
And I dare make it mine. You have your answer.

Phi. If thou wert sole inheritor to him
That made the world his, and were Pharamond
As truly valiant as I feel him cold,
And ring'd among the choicest of his friends,
And from his presence, spite of all these stops,
You should hear further from me

King. Sir, you wrong the prince.
I gave you not this freedom to brave our best friends;
You do deserve our frown. Go to; be better temper'd.

Phi. It must be, sir, when I am nobler us'd.

King. Philaster, tell me
The injuries you aim at in your riddles.

Phi. If you had my eyes, sir, and sufferance,
My griefs upon you, and my broken fortunes,
My wants great, and now nought but hopes and fears,
My wrongs would make ill riddles to be laugh'd at.
Dare you be still my king, and right me not?

King. Go to;

Be more yourself, as you respect our favour ;
 You'll stir us else. Sir, I must have you know
 That you're, and shall be, at our pleasure.
 Smooth your brow, or, by the Gods—

Phi. I am dead, sir ; you're my fate. It was not I
 Said I was wrong'd. I carry all about me
 My weak stars led me to, all my weak fortunes.
 Who dares in all this presence speak, (that is
 But man of flesh, and may be mortal) tell me,
 I do not most entirely love this prince,
 And honour his full virtues ?

King. Sure he's possess'd !

Phi. Yes, with my father's spirit. It's here, O king !
 A dangerous spirit ; now he tells me, king,
 I was a king's heir, bids me be a king,
 And whispers to me, these be all my subjects.
 'Tis strange, he will not let me sleep, but dives
 Into my fancy ; and there gives me shapes
 That kneel, and do me service, cry me king,
 But I'll suppress him, he's a factious spirit,
 And will undo me. Noble sir, your hand ;
 I am your servant.

King. Away ; I do not like this.

For this time I pardon your wild speech.

[*Exeunt King, Pha. Are. and train.*]

D'on. See how his fancy labours. Has he not
 Spoke home, and bravely ? What a dangerous train
 Did he give fire to ! How he shook the king !
 Made his soul melt within him, and his blood
 Run into whey ! It stood upon his brow,
 Like a cold winter dew.

Phi. Gentlemen,
 You have no suit to me ; I am no minion.
 You stand, methinks, like men that would be courtiers,
 If you could well be flatter'd at that price,
 Not to undo your children. You're all honest.
 Go, get you home again, and make your country
 A virtuous court, to which your great ones may,
 In their diseased age, retire, and live recluse.

Cl'r. How do you, worthy sir ?

Phi. Well, very well,
 And so well, that, if the king please, I find
 I may live many years.

D'on. The king must please,
 Whilst we know what you are, and who you are,
 Your wrongs and injuries. Shrink not, worthy sir,
 But add your father to you ; in whose name
 We'll waken all the gods, and conjure up
 The rods of vengeance, the abused people
 Who, like to raging torrents, shall swell high,
 And so begirt the dens of these male dragons,

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That, through the strongest safety; they shall beg
For mercy at your sword's point.

Pat. Friends, no more;
Our ears may be corrupted. 'Tis an age
We dare not trust our wills to. Do you love me?

Thra. Do we love Heav'n and honour?

Phi. My lord Dion,
You had a virtuous gentlewoman call'd you father:
Is she yet alive?

Dion. Most honour'd sir, she is;
And for the penance but of an idle dream,
Has undertook a tedious pilgrimage.

Enter a Lady.

Phi. Is it to me, or any of these gentlemen you come?

Lady. To you, brave lord; the princess would intreat your
present company.

Phi. Kifs her fair hand, and say, I will attend her.

Dion. Do you know what you do?

Phi. Yes; go to see a woman.

Cler. But do you weigh the danger you are in?

Pii. Danger in a sweet face!

Her eye may shoot me dead, or tho'e true red
And white friends in her face may steal my soul out;
There's all the danger in't. But be what may,
Her single name hath arm'd me.

[Exit.

Dion. Go on;

And be as truly happy as thou art fearless.
Come, gentlemen, let's make our friends acquainted,
Lest the king prove false.

(Exeunt.

SCENE III. *Changes to another apartment. Enter Arethusa
and a Lady.*

Are. Comes he not?

Lady. Madam?

Are. Will Philaster come?

Lady. Dear madam, you were wont
To credit me at first.

Are. But didst thou tell me, so?
am forgetful, and my woman's strength
I so o'ercharg'd with danger like to grow
About my marriage, that these under things
Dare not abide in such a troubled sea.

How look'd he, when he told thee he would come?

Lady. Why, well.

Are. And not a little fearful?

Lady. Fear, madam, sure he knows not what it is.

Are. You are all of his faction; the whole court
Is bold in praise of him; whilst I
May live neglected, and do noble things,
As fools in strife throw gold into the sea,
Drown'd in the doing. But I know he fears.

Lady. Fear, madam! Methought his looks hid mere

Of love than fear.

Are. Of love ! to whom ? To you ?
Did you deliver those plain words I sent
With such a winning gesture, and quick look,
That you have caught him !

Lady. Madam, I mean to you.

Are. Of love to me ! Alas ! thy ignorance
Lets thee not see the crosses of our births.
Nature, that loves not to be question'd why
She did or this, or that, but has her ends,
And knows she does well, never gave the world
Two things so opposite, so contrary,
As he and I am.

Lady. Madam, I think I hear him.

Are. Bring him in.

[*Exit Lady.*]

You gods, that would not have your dooms withstood,
Whose holy wisdoms at this time it is
To make the passion of a feeble maid
The way unto your justice, I obey.

Re-enter Lady with Philaster.

Lady. Here is my lord Philaster.

Are. Oh ! 'tis well.

Withdraw yourself.

[*Exit Lady.*]

Phi. Madam, your messenger
Made me believe you wish'd to speak with me.

Are. 'Tis true, Philaster.

Have you known
That I have ought detracted from your worth ?
Have I in person wrong'd you ? Or have set
My baser instruments to throw disgrace
Upon your virtues ?

Phi. Never, madam, you.

Are. Why then should you, in such a public place,
Injure a princess, and a scandal lay
Upon my fortunes.

Calling a great part of my dowry in question ?

Phi. Madam, for your fair and virtuous self,
I could afford myself to have no right
To any thing you wish'd.

Are. Philaster, know,

I must enjoy these kingdoms of Calabria
And Sicily. By fate, I die, Philaster,
If I not calmly may enjoy them both.

Phi. I would do much to save that noble life ;
Yet would be loth to have posterity
Find in our stories, that Philaster gave
His right unto a sceptre and a crown,
To save a lady's longing.

Are. Nay, then, hear ;
I must, and will have them, and more.

Phi. What more ? Say, you would have my life ;

Why, I will give it you; for it is of me
A thing so loath'd, and unto you that ask
Of so poor use, I would unmov'dly hear.

Are. Fain would I speak; and yet the words are such
I have to say, and do so ill bescem
The mouth of woman, that I wish them said,
And yet am loth to utter them. Oh, turn
Away thy face! a little bend thy looks!
Spare, spare me, Oh, Philaster!

Phi. What means this?

Are. But that my fortunes hang upon this hour,
But that occasion urges me to speak,
And that perversely to keep silence now
Would doom me to a life of wretchedness,
I could not thus have summon'd thee, to tell thee,
The thoughts of Pharamond are scorpions to me,
More horrible than danger, pain, or death!
Yes—I must have thy kingdoms—must have thee—

Phi. How, me!

Are. Thy love! without which, all the land
Discovered yet, will serve me for no use,
But to be buried in

Phi. Is't possible?

Are. With it, it were too little to bestow
On thee. Now, though thy breath may strike me dead,
(Which, know, it may) I have unripp'd my breast.

Phi. Madam, you are too full of noble thoughts,
To lay a train for this contemned life,
Which you may have for asking. To suspect
Were base, where I deserve no ill. Love you!
By all my hopes I do, above my life.
But how this passion should proceed from you
So violently—

Are. Another soul into my body shot,
Could not have fill'd me with more strength and spirit,
Than this thy breath. But spend not hasty time
In seeking how I came thus. 'Tis the gods,
The gods, that make me so; and sure our love
Will be the nobler, and the better blest'd,
In that the secret justice of the gods
Is mingled with it. Let us leave and part,
Lest some unwelcome guest should fall betwixt.

Phi. 'Twill be ill
I should abide here long

Are. 'Tis true, and worse
You should come often. How shall we devise
To hold intelligence, that our true loves,
On any new occasion, may agree,
What path is best to tread.

Phi. I have a boy,

Scut by the gods, I hope, to this intent,
 Not yet seen in the court. Hunting the buck,
 I found him sitting by the fountain side,
 Of which he borrow'd some to quench his thirst,
 And paid the nymph again as much in tears.
 A garland lay by him, made by himself,
 Of many several flowers, bred in the bay,
 Stuck in that mystic order, that the rareness
 Delighted me; but ever when he turned
 His tender eyes upon them, he would weep,
 As if he meant to make them grow again.
 Seeing such pretty helpless innocence
 Dwell in his face, I ask'd him all his story;
 He told me, that his parents gentle dy'd,
 Leaving him to the mercy of the fields,
 Which gave him roots; and of the crystal springs,
 Which did not stop their courses; and the sun,
 Which still, he thank'd him, yielded him his light;
 Then took he up his garland, and did shew
 What every flower, as country people hold,
 Did signify; and how all, ordered thus,
 Express'd his grief; and to my thoughts did read
 The prettiest lecture of his country art
 That could be wish'd; so that, methought, I could
 Have studied it. I gladly entertain'd him,
 Who was as glad to follow; and have got
 The trustiest, loving'st, and the gentlest boy,
 That ever master kept. Him will I find
 To wait on you, and bear our hidden love.

Enter Lady.

Are. 'Tis well; no more.

Lady. Madam, the prince is come to do you service

Are. What will you do, Philaster, with yourself?

Dear, hide thyself. Bring in the prince.

Phi. Hide me from Pharamond!

When thunder speaks, which is the voice of Jove,
 Though I do reverence, yet I hide me not.

Are. Then, good Philaster, give him scope and way
 In what he says; for he is apt to speak

What you are loth to hear. For my sake do.

Phi. I will.

Enter Pharamond.

Pha. My princely mistress, as true lovers ought,
 I come to kiss these fair hands; and to shew,
 In outward ceremonies the dear love
 Writ in my heart.

Phi. If I shall have an answer no directer,
 I am gone.

Pha. To what would he have an answer?

Are. To his claim unto the kingdom.

Pha. I did forbear you, first, before the king.

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Phi. Good sir, do so still; I would not talk with you.

Pha. But now the time is fitter.

Phi. Pharamond,

I loath to brawl with such a blast as thou,
Who art nought but a valiant voice. But if
Thou shalt provoke me further, men will say,
Thou wert, and not lament it.

Pha. Do you slight

My greatness so, and in the chamber of the princefs?

Phi. It is a place, to which, I must confess,
I owe a reverence; but wer't the church,
Ay, at the altar, there's no place so safe,
Where thou dar'st injure me, but I dare punish thee. *[Exit.*

Pha. Insolent boaster! offer but to mention
Thy right to any kingdom——

Are. Let him go;

He is not worth your care.

Pha. My Arethusa!

I hope our hearts are knit; and yet so slow
State ceremonies are, it may be long
Before our hands be so. If then you please
Being agreed in heart, let us not wait
For pomp and circumstance, but solemnize
A private nuptial, and anticipate
Delights, and so foretaste our joys to come.

Are. My father, sir, is all in all to me;
Nor can I give my fancy or my will
More scope than he shall warrant. When he bids
My eye look up to Pharamond for lord,
I know my duty; but, till then, farewell. *[Exit.*

Phi. Nay, but there's more in this—some happier man;
Perhaps Philaster——'Sdeath! let me not think on't—
She must be watch'd—He too must be taken care of,
Or all my hopes of her and empire rest
Upon a sandy bottom——If she means
To wed me, well; if not, I swear revenge. *(Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

An apartment in the palace. Enter Philaster and Bellario.

Phi. **A**ND thou shalt find her honourable, boy;
Full of regard unto thy tender youth.
For thine own modesty, and for my sake,
Apter to give, than thou wilt be to ask,
Ay, or deserve.

Bel. Sir you did take me up
When I was nothing; and only yet am something,
By being yours. You trusted me, unknown;
And that which you are apt to construe now
A simple innocence in me, perhaps
Might have been craft, the cunning of a boy

Harden'd in lies and theft ; yet ventur'd you
 To part my miseries and me ; for which
 I never can expect to serve a lady,
 That bears more honour in her breast than you.

Phi. But, boy, it will prefer thee ; thou art young,
 And bear'st a childish, overflowing love
 To them that clap thy cheeks, and speak thee fair.
 But when thy judgment comes to rule those passions,
 Thou wilt remember best those careful friends,
 That plac'd thee in the noblest way of life.
 She is a princess I prefer thee too.

Bel. In that small time that I have seen the world,
 I never knew a man hasty to part with
 A servant he thought trusty. I remember,
 My father would prefer boys he kept
 To greater men than he : but did it not,
 Till they were grown too saucy for himself.

Phi. Why, gentle boy I find no fault at all
 In thy behaviour.

Bel. Sir, If I have made
 A fault of ignorance, instruct my youth ;
 I shall be willing, if not apt, to learn :
 Age and experience will adorn my mind
 With larger knowledge ; and if I have done
 A wilful fault, think me not past all hope
 For once. What master holds so strict a hand
 Over his boy, that he will part with him
 Without one warning ? Let me be corrected,
 To break my stubbornness, if it be so,
 Rather than turn me off, and I shall mend.

Phi. Thy love doth plead so prettily to stay,
 That, trust me, I could weep to part with thee.
 Alas, I do not turn thee off ! thou know's't
 It is my business that doth call thee hence ;
 And when thou art with her, thou dwell'st with me.
 Think so, and 'tis so ; and when time is full,
 That thou hast well discharg'd this heavy trust
 Laid on so weak a one, I will again
 With joy receive thee ; as I live, I will.
 Nay, weep not, gentle boy : 'tis more than time
 Thou didst attend the princess.

Bel. I am gone.
 But since I am to part with you, my lord,
 And none knows whether I shall live to do
 More service for you, take this little prayer :
 Heav'n bless your loves, your fights, all your designs ;
 May sick men, if they have your wish, be well ;
 And Heav'n hate those you curse, tho' I be one.

Phi. The love of boys unto their lord is strange !
 I have read wonders of it : yet this boy,

[Exit

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For my sake, if a man may judge by looks
And speech, would out-do story. I may see
A day to pay him for his loyalty.

[Exit.

SCENE II. *Changes to Arethusa's apartment. Enter Are-*
thusa and a lady.

Are. Where's the boy? Where's Bellario?

Lady. Within, madam.

Are. Gave you him gold to buy him clothes?

Lady. I did.

Are. And has he done't?

Lady. Madam, not yet.

Are. 'Tis a pretty, sad talking boy, is it not?

Enter Galatea.

Oh, you are welcome! What good news?

Gal. As good as any one can tell your grace,
That says she has done that you would have wish'd.

Are. Hast thou discover'd then?

Gal. I have. Your prince,
Brave Pharamond's disloyal.

Are. And with whom?

Gal. Ev'n with the lady we suspect; with Megra.

Are. The king shall know this; and if destiny,
To whom we dare not say, it shall not be,
Have not decreed it so in lasting leaves,
Whose smallest characters were never chang'd,
This hated match with Pharamond shall break.
Run back into the presence, mingle there
Again with other ladies; leave the rest
To me.

[Exit Gal.

Where's the boy?

Lady. Within, madam.

Are. Go, call him hither.

[Exit Lady.

Enter Bellario.

Why art thou ever melancholy, sir?

You are sad to change your service. Is't not so?

Bel. Madam I have not chang'd? I wait on you,
To do him service.

Are. Thou disclaim'st in me.

Tell me, Bellario? thou canst sing and play?

Bel. If grief will give me leave, madam, I can.

Are. Alas! what kind of grief can thy years know?
Had'st a cross master went thou went'st to school?
Thou art not capable of other grief.

Thy brows and cheeks are smooth as waters be,
When no breath troubles them. Believe me, boy,
Care seeks out wrinkled brows, and hallow eyes,
And builds himself caves to abide in them.

Come, sir, tell me tru'y, does your lord love me?

Bel. Love, madam, I know not what it is.

Are. Canst thou know grief, and never yet knew'st love



Thou art deceiv'd, boy. Does he speak of me,
As if he wish'd me well?

Ecl. If it be love,
To forget all respects of his own friends,
In thinking on your face; if it be love,
To sit cross-arm'd, and sigh away the day,
Ming'd with starts, crying your name as loud
And ha'ily, as men i'the streets do fire?
If it be love, to weep himself away,
When he but hears of any lady dead,
Or kill'd, because it might have been your chance;
If, when he goes to rest, (which will not be)
'Twixt ev'ry prayer he says, he names you once,
As others drop a bead, be to be in love,
Then, madam, I dare swear he loves you.

Are. Oh!

You are a cunning boy, taught to deceive,
For your lord's credit. But thou know'st, a falsehood
That bears this sound, is welcomer to me,
Than any truth, that says, he loves me not.
Lead the way, boy. Do you attend me too;
'Tis thy lord's business hastes me thus. Away.

(Exeunt. Changes to another apartment in the palace.)

Enter Megra ex: Pharamond.

Meg. What then am I? A poor neglected stale!
Have I then been an idle toying she,
To fool away an hour or two withal,
And then thrown by for ever

Ph. Nay, have patience.

Mg. Patience! I shall go mad! Why, I shall be
A mark for all the pages of the court
To spend their wit upon.

Ph. It shall not be.

She whose dishonour is not known abroad,
Is not at all dishonour'd.

Mg. Not dishonour'd!

Have we been so chary of our fame,
So cautious, think you, in our course of love,
No blot of calumny has fall'n upon it? Nay,
What charm has veil'd suspicion's hundred eyes,
And who shall stop the cruel hand of scorn?

Ph. Cease your complaints, reproachful and unkind!
What could I do? Obedience to my father,
My country's good, my plighted faith, my fame,
Each circumstance of fate and duty, ask'd
The tender of my hand to Arethusa,

Meg. Talk not of Arethusa! She, I know,
Would fain get rid of her most precious bargain.
She is for softer dalliance; she has got
A cherub a young Hylas, an Adonis!

Ph. What mean you?

Meg. She good faith, has her Bellario!
A boy—about eighteen—a pretty boy!
Why, this is he that must, when you are wed,
Sit by your pillow, like a young Apollo,
Sing, play upon the lute; with hand and voice
Binding your thoughts in sleep She does provide him
For you, and for herself.

Pha. Injurious Megra
Oh! add not shame to shame! To rob a lady
Of her good name thus, is an heinous sin,
Not to be pardon'd: yet, though false as hell,
'Twill never be redeem'd, if it be sown
Amongst the people, fruitful to increase
All evil they shall hear.

Meg. It shall be known:
Nay, more, by Heav'n 'tis true! a thousand things
Speak it beyond all contradiction true.
Observe how brave she keeps him: how he stands
For ever at her beck. There's not an hour,
Sacred howe'er to female privacy,
But he's admitted; and in open court,
'Their tell-tale eyes hold soft discourse together.
Why, why is all this? Think you she's content
To look upon him?

Pha. Make it but appear,
That she has play'd the wanton with this stripling,
All Spain, as well as Sicily, shall know
Her foul dishonour. I'll disgrace her first,
Then leave her to her shame.

Meg. You are resolv'd?

Pha. Most constantly.

Meg. The rest remains with me.
I will produce such proofs, that she shall know
I did not leave our country, and degrade
Our Spanish honour and nobility,
To stand a mean attendant in her chamber.
With hood wink'd eyes, and finger on my lips.
What I have seen, I'll speak; what known, proclaim;
Her story shall be general as the wind,
And fly as far. I will about it straight.
Expect news from me, Pharamond. Farewell

[Exit.]

Pha. True or not true, one way I like this well
For I suspect the princess loves me not.
If Megra's charge prove malice, her own ruin
Must follow, and I'm quit of her for ever.
But if she makes suspicions truth; or if,
Which were as deep confusion, Arthusa
Disdain'd our proffer'd union, and Philaster
Stand foremost in her heart let Megra's charge
Wear but the semblance and the garb of truth,
They shall afford me measure of revenge.

I will look on with an indifferent eye,
 Prepar'd for either fortune; or to wed,
 If she prove faithful, or repulse her sham'd.

[Exit]

SCENE IV. *The presence chamber. Enter Dion, Clermont, Thrasiline, Megra, and Galatea.*

Dion. Come, ladies, shall we talk a round?

Gal. 'Tis late.

Megra. 'Tis all

My eyes will do, to lead me to my bed.

Enter Pharamond.

Thra. The prince!

Pha. Not a-bed, ladies! You're good sitters up.
 What think you of a pleasant dream, to last
 'Till morning?

Enter Arethusa and Bellario.

Are. 'Tis well, my lord, you're counting of ladies.
 Is't not late, gentlemen?

Cler. Yes, madam.

Are. Wait you there.

[Exit Arethusa.]

Megra. She's jealous, as live! Look you, my lord,
 The princess has a boy.

Pha. His form is angel-like.

Dion. Serves he the princess?

Thra. Yes.

Dion. 'Tis a sweet boy.

Pha. Ladies all, good rest. I mean to kill a buck
 To-morrow morning, ere you've done your dreams. [Exit Pha.]

Megra. All happiness attend your grace. Gentlemen, good rest.

Gal. All, good night. [Exeunt Gal. and Meg.]

Dion. May your dreams be true to you.

What shall we do, gallants? 'Tis late. The king
 Is up still. See, he comes, and Arethusa
 With him.

Enter King, Arethusa, and guard.

King. Look your intelligence be true.

Are. Upon my life it is. And I do hope
 Your highness will not tie me to a man,
 That in the heat of wooing throws me off,
 And takes another.

Dion. What should this mean?

King. If it be true,

That lady had much better have embrac'd
 Cureless diseases. Get you to your rest [Exeunt Are and Bel.]
 You shall be righted. Gentlemen, draw near.
 Haste, some of you, and cunningly discover
 If Megra be in her lodging.

Cler. Sir,

She parted hence but now, with other ladies.

King. I would speak with her.

Dion. She's here, my lord.

Enter Megra.

King. Now, lady of honour, where's your honour now ?
No man can fit your palate but the prince.
Thou troubled sea of sin ; thou wilderness,
Inhabited by wild affections, tell me,
Had you none to pull on with your courtesies
But he that must be mine, and wrong my daughter ?
By all the gods ! all these, and all the court
Shall hoot thee, and break scurvy jests upon thee,
Make ribald rhimes, and tear thy name on walls.

Meg. I dare, my lord, your hootings and your clamours,
Your private whispers, and your broader steerings,
Can no more vex my soul, than this base carriage,
The poor destruction of a lady's honour,
The publishing the weakness of a woman.
But I have vengeance yet in store for some,
Shall in the utmost scorn you can have of me,
Be joy and nourishment.

King. What means the wanton ?
D'ye glory in your shame ?

Meg. I will have fellows,
Such fellows in't, as shall make noble mirth.
The princess your dear daughter, shall stand by me,
On walls, and sung in ballads, any thing.

King. My daughter !

Meg. Yes, your daughter, Arethusa,
The glory of your Sicily, which I,
A stranger to your kingdom, laugh to scorn.
I know her shame, and will discover all ;
Nay, will dishonour her. I know the boy
She keeps, a handsome boy, about eighteen ;
Come, sir, you put me to a woman's madness,
The glory of a fury.

King. What boy's this ?

Meg. Alas, good minded prince !
You know not these things : I will make them plain.
I will not fall alone : what I have known
Shall be as public as a print : all tongues
Shall speak it, as they do the language they
Are born in, as free and commonly : I'll set it
Like a prodigious star, for all to gaze at ;
And that so high and glowing, other realms,
Foreign and far, shall read it there ; and then
Behold the fall of your fair prince's too.

(Exit.)

King. Has she a boy ?

Cler. So, please your grace, I've seen
A boy wait on her, a fair boy.

King. Away ; I'd be alone. Go, get you to your quarters.

(Exeunt)

Manet King.

You gods, I see, that who unrighteously
Holds wealth or state from others, shall be cursed

In that which meaner men are blest withal :
 Ages to come shall know no male of him
 Left to inherit, and his name shall be
 Blotted from earth. If he have any child,
 It shall be crossly match'd. The gods themselves
 Shall sow wild strife between her lord and her ;
 Or she shall prove his curse who gave her being.
 Gods ! if it be your wills—But how can I
 Look to be heard of gods, who must be just,
 Praying upon the ground I hold by wrong ?

(Exit.)

ACT III. SCENE I. *The court. Enter Philaster.*

Phi. O H, that I had a sea

Within my breast to quench the fire I feel !
 More circumstances will but fan this fire.
 It more afflicts me now to know by whom
 This deed is done, than simply that 'tis done.
 Woman, frail sex ! the winds that are let loose
 From the four several corners of the earth,
 And spread themselves all over sea and land.
 Kifs not a chaste one ! Taken with her boy !
 Oh, that, like beasts, we could not grieve ourselves
 With what we see not ! Bulls and rams will fight
 To keep their females standing in their sight ;
 But take 'em from them and you take at once
 Their spleens away ; and they will fall again
 Unto their pastures, growing fresh and fat ;
 And taste the waters of springs as sweet
 As 'twas before, finding no fault in sleep.
 But miserable man— See, see, you gods,

[Seeing Bellario at a distance.]

He walks still ! and the face you let him wear
 When he was innocent, is still the same,
 Not blasted. Is this justice ? Do you mean
 To intrap mortality, that you allow
 Treason to smooth a brow ?

Enter Bellario.

I cannot now

Think he is guilty.

Bel. Health to you my lord !

The princess doth commend her love, her life,
 And this unto you.

[Gives a letter.]

Phi. Oh, Bellario !

Now I perceive she loves me ; she does shew it
 In loving thee, my boy, sh'as made thee brave.

Bel. My lord, she has attired me past my wish,
 Past my desert ; more fit for her attendant,
 Though far unfit for me, who do attend.

Phi. Thou art grown courtly, boy O, let all women *(Realise*
 That love black deeds, learn to dissemble here !
 Here, by this paper she does write to me,

As if her heart were mines of adamant
To all the world besides; but, unto me
A maiden snow that melted with my looks.
Tell me, my boy, how doth the princess use thee?
For I shall guess her love to me by that.

Bel. Scarce like her servant, but as if I were
Something a lier to her, or had preserv'd
Her life three times by my fidelity:
As mothers fond do use their only sons;
As I'd use one that's left unto my trust,
For whom my life should pay, if he met harm;
So she does use me.

Phi. Why, this is wondrous well:
But what kind language does she feed thee with?

Bel. Why, she does tell me she will trust my youth
With all her loving secrets; and does call me
Her pretty servant; bids me weep no more
For leaving you; she'll see my services
Rewarded; and such words of that soft strain,
That I am nearer weeping when she ends
Than ere she spake.

Phi. This is much better still.

Bel. Are you not ill, my lord?

Phi. Ill: No, Bellario.

Bel. Methinks your words
Fall not from off your tongue so evenly,
Nor is there in your looks that quietness,
That I was wont to see.

Phi. Thou art deceiv'd, boy:
And she strokes thy head?

Bel. Yes.

Phi. And does clasp thy cheeks?

Bel. She does, my lord.

Phi. And she does kiss thee, boy? ha?

Bel. How, my lord?

Phi. She kisses thee?

Bel. Not so, my lord.

Phi. Come, come, I know she does.

Bel. No, by my life.

Phi. Why, then, she does not love me. Come, she does,
I bade her do it; I charg'd her by all charms
Of love between us, by the hope of peace
We should enjoy, to yield thee all delights.
Tell me, gentle boy,

Is she not past compare? Is not her breath
Sweet as Arabian winds, when fruits are ripe?
Is she not all a lasting mine of joy?

Bel. Ay, now I see why my disturbed thoughts
Were so perplex'd. When first I went to her,
My heart held augury; you are abus'd;
Some villain has abus'd you; I do see

Whereto you tend. Fall rocks upon his head,
That put this to you ! 'tis some subtle train,
To bring that noble frame of yours to nought.

Phi. Thou think'st I will be angry with thee ; come,
Thou shalt know all my drift : I hate her more
Than I love happiness ; and plac'd thee there,
To pry with narrow eyes into her deeds.
Hast thou discover'd ? Is she fall'n to lust,
As I would wish her ? Speak some comfort to me.

Bel. My lord, you did mistake the boy you sent ;
Had she a sin that way, hid from the world,
Beyond the name of sin, I would not aid
Her base desires ; but what I came to know
As servant to her, I would not reveal,
To make my life last ages.

Phi. Oh, my heart !
This is a salve worse than the main disease.
Tell me thy thoughts ; for I will know the least
That dwells within thee, or will rip thy heart
To know it ; I will see thy thoughts as plain
As I do now thy face.

Bel. Why, so you do.
She is (for ought I know) by all the gods,
As chaste as ice ; but were she foul as hell,
And I did know it thus, the breath of kings,
The points of swords, tortures, nor bulls of brass,
Should draw it from me.

Phi. Then it is no time
To dally with thee ; I will take thy life,
I or I do hate thee ; I could curse thee now.

Bel. If you do hate you could not curse me worse ;
The gods have not a punishment in store
Greater for me, than is your hate.

Phi. Fie, fie !
So young and so dissembling ! Tell me when
And where thou didst possess her, or let plagues
Fall on me straight, if I destroy thee not !

Bel. Heav'n knows, I never did : and when I lie
To save my life, may I live long and loath'd !
Hew me asunder, and, whilst I can think,
I'll love those pieces you have cut away
Better than those that grow ; and kiss those limbs,
Because you made them so.

Phi. Fear'st thou not death ?
Can boys condemn that ?

Bel. Oh, what boy is he
Can be content to live to be a man,
That sees the best of men thus passionate,
Thus without reason ?

Phi. Oh, but thou dost not know
What 'tis to die.

Bel. Yes, I do know, my lord;
'Tis less than to be born; a lasting sleep,
A quiet resting from all jealousy;
A thing we all pursue: I know, besides,
It is but giving over of a game
That must be lost.

Phi. But there are pains, false boy,
For perjur'd souls; think but on these, and then
Thy heart will melt and thou wilt utter all.

Bel. May they fall all upon me whilst I live,
If I be perjur'd, or have ever thought
Of that you charge me with! If I be false,
Send me to suffer in those punishments
You speak of; kill me.

Phi. Oh, what shou'd I do?
Why, who can but believe him? He does swear
So earnestly, that if it were not true,
The gods would not endure him. Rise, Bellario
Thy protestations are so deep, and thou
Dost look so truly, when thou utterest them,
That though I knew 'em false, as were my hopes,
I cannot urge thee further: but thou wert
To blame to injure me, for I must love
Thy honest looks, and take no vengeance on
Thy tender youth. A love from me to thee
Is firm whate'er thou dost. It troubles me,
That I have call'd the blood out of thy cheeks,
That did so well become them. But, good boy,
Let me not see thee more: something is done,
That will distract me, that will make me mad,
If I behold thee; if thou tender'st me,
Let me not see thee.

Bel. I will fly as far
As there is morning, ere I give distaste
To that most honour'd mind. But through these tears,
Shed at my hopele's parting, I can see
A world of treason practis'd upon you,
And her, and me. Farewell, for evermore!
If you shal' hear, that sorrow struck me dead,
And after find me loyal, let there be
A tear shed from you in my memory,
And I shall rest at peace.

[Exit Bel.]

Phi. Blessing be with thee,
Whatever thou deserv'st! Oh, where shall I
Ease my breaking heart? Nature, too unkind,
That gave no medicine for a troubled mind!

[Exit.]

SCENE II. Arethusa's apartment. Enter Arethusa.

Are. I marvel, my boy comes not back again.
But that I know my love will question him
Over and over; how I slept, wak'd, talk'd!

How I remembered him, when his dear name
Was last spoke!

And ten thousand such! I should be angry at his stay.

Enter King.

King. What, at your meditations! Who attends you?

Are. None but my single self; I need no guard;
I do no wrong, nor fear none.

King. Tell me, have you not a boy?

Are. Yes, sir.

King. What kind of boy?

Are. A page, a waiting boy.

King. A handsome boy?

Are. I think he be not ugly;

Well qualified, and dutiful, I know him;
I took him not for beauty.

King. He speaks, and sings, and plays?

Are. Yes, sir.

King. About eighteen?

Are. I never ask'd his age.

King. Is he full of service?

Are. By your pardon, why do you ask?

King. Put him away.

Are. Sir?

King. Put him away; 'has done you that good service
Shames me to speak of.

Are. Good sir, let me understand you.

King. If you fear me,

Shew it in duty; put away that boy.

Are. Let me have reason for it, sir, and then
Your will is my command.

King. Do you not blush to ask it? Cast him off,
Or I shall do the same to you.

By my life, I dare not tell myself
What you have done.

Are. What have I done, my lord?

King. Understand me well;
There be foul whispers stirring—Cast him off,
And suddenly do it. Farewell.

[*Exit King*]

Are. Where may a maiden live securely free,
Keeping her honour safe? Not with the living:
They feed upon opinions, errors, dreams,
And make 'em truths. They draw a nourishment
Out of defamings, grow upon disgraces,
And when they see a virtue fortified
Strongly above the battery of their tongues,
Oh, how they cast to sink it: and defeated
(Soul-sick with poison) strike the monuments
Where noble names lies sleeping!

Enter Philaster.

Phi. Peace to your fairest thoughts, my dearest mistress!

Are. Oh, my dear servant, I have a war within me.

Phi. He must be more than man, that makes these crystals
Run into rivers. Sweetest fair, the cause?
And as I am your slave, I'll right your honours.

Are. Oh, my best love; that boy!

Phi. What boy?

Are. The pretty boy you gave me—

Phi. What of him?

Are. Must be no more mine.

Phi. Why?

Are. They are jealous of him.

Phi. Jealous! who?

Are. The king.

Phi. Oh, my fortune!

Then 'tis no idle jealousy. Let him go.

Are. Oh, cruel,

Are you hard-hearted too? Who shall now tell you,
How much I lov'd you? Who shall swear it to you,
And weep the tears I find? Who shall now bring you
Letters, rings, bracelets, lose his health in service?
Wake tedious nights in stories of your gentle
Who shall take up his love,

And touch it, till he grows a silent dog
Upon my eyelid, making me dream and cry.
Oh, my dear, dear Philaster.

Phi. Oh, my heart!

Would he had broken thee, that made thee know
This lady was not loyal! Mistrust, forget
The boy, I'll find thee a far better one.

Are. Oh, never, never, such a boy again,
As my Bellario.

Phi. 'Tis but your fond affection.

Are. With thee, my boy, farewell for ever
All secrecy in servants? farewell faith,
And all desire to do well for itself:
Let all that shall succeed thee, for thy wrongs,
Sell and betray chaste love!

Phi. And all this passion for a boy?

Are. He was your boy; you gave him to me, and
The loss of such must have a mourning for.

Phi. Oh, thou forgetful woman!

Are. How, my lord?

Phi. False Arethusa!

Hast thou a medicine to restore my wits,
When I have lost 'em? If not, leave to talk,
And to do thus.

Are. Do what, sir?

Phi. Oh, you gods!

Give me a worthy patience; have I stood
Naked, alone, the shock of many fortune
Have I seen mischiefs numberless and mighty?

Grow like a sea upon me ? Have I taken
 Danger as stern as death into my bosom,
 And laugh'd upon it, made it but a mirth,
 And flung it by ? Do I live now like him,
 Under this tyrant king, that languishing
 Hears his sad bell, and sees his mourners ? Do I
 Bear all this bravely, and must sink at length
 Under a woman's falsehood ? Oh, that boy,
 That cursed boy ! None but a villain boy,
 To wrong me with !

Are. Nay, then I am betray'd ;
 I feel the plot cast for my overthrow ;
 Oh, I am wretched !

Phi. Now you may take that little right I have
 To this poor kingdom : give it to your boy !
 For I have no joy in it. Some far place
 Where never womankind durst set her foot,
 For bursting with her poisons, must I seek.
 And live to curse you :
 There dig a cave, and preach to birds and beasts
 What woman is, and help to save them from you.
 How heav'n is in your eyes, but in your hearts
 More hell than hell has ; how your tongues like scorpions,
 Both heal and poison : how your thoughts are woven
 With thousand changes in one subtle web,
 And worn so by you. How that foolish man,
 That reads the story of a woman's face,
 And dies believing it, is lost for ever.
 How all the good you have is but a shadow,
 E'th' morning with you, and at night behind you,
 Past and forgotten. How your vows are frost,
 Fast for a night and with the next sun gone.
 How you are, being taken altogether,
 A mere confusion, and so dead a chaos,
 That love cannot distinguish. These sad texts,
 Till my last hour, I am bound to utter of you.
 So farewell all my woe, all my delight !

(Exit)

Are. Be merciful, ye gods, and strike me dead.
 What way have I deserv'd this ? Make my breast
 Transparent as pure chrystal, that the world,
 Jealous of me, may see the foulest thought
 My heart holds. Where shall a woman turn her eyes,
 To find out constancy ? *Enter Bellario.*

Guilty, methinks, that boy looks now !
 Oh, thou dissembler, that, before thou speak'st,
 Wert in thy cradle false ! Sent to make lies,
 And betray innocents ; thy lord and thou
 May glory in the ashes of a maid
 Fool'd by her passion ; but the conquest is
 Nothing so great as wicked. Fly away,
 Let my command force thee to that, which shame

PHILASTER,

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Should do without: If thou understoodst
The loathed office thou hast undergone.
Why, thou wouldst hide thee under heaps of hills,
Lest men should dig and find thee.

Bel. Oh, what god,

Angry with men, has sent this strange disease
Into the noblest minds? Madam, this grief
You add unto me is no more than drops
To seas, for which they are not seen to swell;
My lord has struck his anger through my heart,
And let out all the hope of future joys;
You need not bid me fly; I come to part,
To take my latest leave.

I durst not run away in honesty,
From such a lady, like a boy that stole,
Or made some grievous fault. Farewell! The gods
Assist you in your sufferings! Hasty time
Reveal the truth to your abused lord,
And mine; that he may know your worth! Whilst I
Go seek out some forgotten place to die.

[*Exit.*]

Are. Peace guide thee! thou hast overthrown me once,
Yet, if I had another heaven to lose,
Thou, or another villain, with thy looks,
Might talk me out of it.

Enter a Lady.

Lady. Madam, the king would hunt, and calls for
You with earnestness.

Are. I attend him.

Diana, if thou canst rage with a maid,
As with a man, let me discover thee
Bathing, and turn me to a fearful hind,
That I may die pursu'd by cruel hounds,
And have my story written in my wounds.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A wood. Enter Philaster.

Phi. OH, that I had been nourish'd in these woods
With milk of goats, and acorns, and not known
The right of crowns, nor the dissembling trains
Of women's looks; but digg'd myself a cave,
And then had taken me some mountain girl,
Beaten with winds, chaste as the harden'd rocks
Whereon she dwells; that might have strew'd my bed,
With leaves, and reeds, and with the skins of beasts
Our neighbours; This had been a life
Free from vexation!

Enter Bellario.

Bel. Oh, wicked men!
An innocent may walk safe among beasts:
Nothing assaults me here. 'Tis my griev'd lord

Looks as his soul were searching out the way
To leave his body. Pardon me, that must
Break thro' thy last command ; for I must speak :
You, that are griev'd, can pity ; hear, my lord.

Phi. Is there a creature yet so miserable,
That I can pity ?

Bel. Oh, my noble lord,
View my strange fortune, and bestow on me,
According to your bounty (if my service
Can merit nothing) so much as may serve
To keep that little piece I hold of life
From cold and hunger.

Phi. Is it thou ?
Go sell those misbecoming clothes thou wear'st,
And feed thyself with them.

Bel. Alas ! my lord, I can get nothing for them ;
The silly country people think 'tis treason
To touch such gay things.

Phi. Now, by my life, this is
Unkindly done, to vex me with thy sight ;
Thou'rt fall'n again to thy dissembling trade :
How shouldst thou think to cozen me again ?
Remains there yet a plague untry'd for me ?
Ev'n so thou wept'st, and look'd'st, and spok'st, when first
I took thee up : curse on the time ! If thy
Commanding tears can work on any other,
Use thy old art, I'll not betray it. Which
Way wilt thou take, that I may shun thee ? for
Thine eyes are poison unto mine ; and I
Am loth to grow in rage. This way, or that way ?

Bel. Any will serve. But I will choose to have
That path in chase that leads unto my grave. [*Exeunt severally.*]

Enter Dion and the Woodmen.

Dion. This is the strangest sudden chance ! You wood-
man : —

1 *Wood.* My lord.

Dion. Saw you a lady come this way on a sable horse studled
with stars of white ?

2 *Wood.* Was she not young ?

Dion. Yes. Rode she to the wood, or to the plain ?

3 *Wood.* Faith, my lord, we saw none. [*Exeunt Woodmen.*]

Dion. Pox of your questions then !

Enter Cleremont.

What, is she found ?

Cler. Nor will be, I think. There's already a thousand fa-
therless tales amongst us ; some say, her horse ran away with
her ; some, a wolf pursued her ; others, it was a plot to kill
her ; and that armed men were seen in the wood : but question-
less, she rode away willingly.

Enter King and Thrasiline.

King. Where is she ?

Elev. Sir, I cannot tell.

King. How is that ?

Sir, speak you where she is.

Dion. Sir, I do not know.

King. You have betray'd me, you have let me lose
The jewel of my life. Go, bring her me,
And set her before me; 'tis the king
Will have it so. Alas ! what are we kings ?
Why do you, gods, place us above the rest ;
To be serv'd, flatter'd, and ador'd, till we
Believe we hold within our hands your thunder :
And when we come to try the pow'r we have,
There's not a leaf shakes at our threatnings.
I have sinn'd, 'tis true, and here stand to be punish'd ;
Yet would not thus be punished.

Enter Pharamond and Galatea.

King. What, is she found ?

Phi. No, we have ta'en her horse.

He gallop'd empty by ; there is some treason :
You, Galatea, rode with her into the wood ; why left you her ;

Gal. She did command me.

King. You're all cunning to obey us for our hurt ;
But I will have her.
Run all, disperse yourselves ; the man that finds her,
Or (if she be kill'd) the traitor ; I'll make him great.

Phi. Come, let us seek.

King. Each man a several way ; here I myself *(Exeunt.)*

SCENE II. *Another part of the wood. Enter Arethusa.*

Are. Where am I now ? Feet, find me out a way,
Without the counsel of my troubled head ;
I'll follow you boldly about these woods,
O'er mountains, through brambles, pits and floods :
Heaven, I hope, will ease me. I am sick.

Enter Bellario.

Bel. Yonder's my lady ; heav'n knows, I want nothing,
Because I do not wish to live ; yet I
Will try her charity. O hear, you that have plenty,
And from that flowing store, drop some on dry ground : see
The lively red is gone to guard her heart ; *(She faints.)*
I fear, she faints. Madam, look up ; she breathes not ;
Open once more those rosy twins, and send
Unto my lord, your latest farewell ; oh, she stirs :
How is it, madam ? Speak some comfort.

Are. 'Tis not gentl' done,
To put me in a miserable life,
And hold me there ; I pray thee, let me go,
I shall do best without thee ; I am well.

Enter Philaster

Phi. I am to blame to be so much in rage :
I'll tell her coolly, when and where I heard
This killing truth. I will be temperate

In speaking, and as just in hearing it.

Oh, monstrous ! (*Seeing them.*) Tempt me not ye gods ! good gods,

Tempt not a frail man ! what's he, that has a heart,
But he must ease it here ?

Bel. My lord, help the princess.

Are. I am well, forbear.

Phi. Let me love lightning, let me be embrac'd
And kiss'd by scorpions, or adore the eyes
Of basilisks, rather than trust the tongues
Of hell-bred women ! Some good gods look down,
And shrink these veins up ; stick me here a stone,
Lasting to ages in the memory
Of this dam'd act ! Hear me, you wicked ones !
You have put hills of fire into this breast,
Not to be quench'd with tears ; for which may guilt
Sit on your bosoms ! at your meals, and beds,
Despair await you ! What, before my face ?
Poison of asps between your lips ! Diseases
Be your best issues ! Nature make a curse,
And throw it on you.

Are. Dear Philaster, leave
To be enrag'd, and hear me.

Phi. I have done :
Forgive my passion. Not the calmed sea,
When Æolus locks up his windy brood,
Is less disturb'd than I. I'll make you know it.
Dear Arethusa, do but take this sword,
And search how to temperate a heart I have ;
Then you, and this your boy, may live and reign
In sin, without controul. Wilt thou Bellario ?
I prythee, kill me.

Are. Kill you !

Bel. Not for a world.

Phi. I blame not thee.
Bellario ; thou hast done but that which gods
Would have transform'd themselves to do !
Resolve to do, or suffer.

Are. If my fortunes be so good to let me fall
Upon thy hand, I shall have peace in death.
Yet tell me this, will there be no slanders,
No jealousies in the other world, no ill there ?

Phi. None.

Are. Shew me then the way.

Phi. Then guide
My feeble hand, you that have pow'r to do it !
For I must perform a piece of justice. If your youth
Have any way offended Heav'n, let pray'rs
Short and eff. tual reconcile you to it.

Enter a Country Fellow.

Conn. I'll see the king if he be in the forest ; I have hunted

him these two hours; If I should come home and not see him, my sisters would laugh at me. There's a courtier with his sword drawn, by this hand, upon a woman, I think.

Are. I am prepar'd.

Phi. Are you at peace?

Are. With Heav'n and earth.

Phi. May they divide thy soul and body!

Coun. Hold, dastard! offer to strike a woman?

(Preventing him.)

Phi. Leave us, good friend.

Are. What ill-bred man art thou, thus to intrude thyself?

Coun. I understand you not; but I know the knave would have hurt you.

Phi. Pursue thy own affairs; It will be ill To multiply blood upon my head, which thou wilt force me to.

Coun. I know not your rhetoric; but I can lay it on, if you offer to touch the woman.

Phi. Slave, take what thou deserv'st.

[They fight]

Are. Heav'n's guard my lord!

Bel. Unmanner'd boor!—my lord—*[Interposing, is wounded.]*

Phi. I hear the tread of people: I am hurt. The gods take part against me, cou'd this boor Have held me thus else? I must shift for life, Though I do loath it.

Exeunt Phi. and Bel.

Coun. I cannot follow the rogue.

Enter Pharamond, Dion, Cleremont, Thrasiline, and Woodmen.

Pha. What art thou?

Coun. Almost kill'd I am for a foolish woman; a knave would have hurt her.

Pha. The princess, gentlemen?

Dion. 'Tis above wonder! Who should dare do this?

Pha. Speak, villain, who would have hurt the princess?

Coun. Is it the princess?

Dion. Ay.

Coun. Then I have seen something yet.

Pha. But who would have hurt her?

Coun. I told you, a rogue; I ne'er saw him before, I.

Pha. Madam, who was it?

Are. Some dishonest wretch;

Alas! I know him not, and do forgive him.

Coun. He's hurt himself, and soundly too, he cannot go far; I made my father's old fox fly about his ear.

Pha. How will you have me kill him?

Are. Not at all,

'Tis some distracted fellow.

If you do take him, bring him quick to me, And I will study for a punishment, Great as his fault.

Pha. I will.

Are. But swear.

Pha. By all my love, I will:

Woodmen conduct the princess to the king,
And bear that wounded fellow unto dressing:
Come, gentlemen, we'll follow the chase close.

[*Exeunt* Are. Pha. Dion. Cle. Thra. and 1 Woodman.

Conn. I pray you, friend, let me see the king.

2 Wood. That you sha'll, and receive thanks.

Conn. If I get clear of this, I'll go see no more gay sights.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Another part of the wood.* Enter Bellario,
with a scarf.

Bel. Yes, I am hurt; and would to Heav'n it were
A death's wound to me; I am faint and weak
With loss of blood: my spirits ebb apace:
A heaviness near death sits on my brow,
And I must sleep: bear me, thou gentle hark,
For ever, if thou wilt; you forest ones all,
Let me unworthy press you: I cou'd wish,
I rather were a corse strew'd over with you,
Than quick above you.

Oh! that I could take

So sound a sleep, that I might never wake.

[*Enter Philaster.*

Phi. I have done ill; my conscience calls me faith.
What, strike at her, that would not strike at me!
When I did fight, methought, I heard her pray
The gods to guard me. She may be abus'd,
And I a loathed villain. If she be,
She'll not discover me; she knows her wounds,
And cannot follow, neither knows he me.
Who's this? Bellario sleeping! If thou be'st
Guilty, there is no justice that thy sleep
Should be so sound; and mine, when thou hast waken'd,
So broken.

Bel. Who is there? My lord Philaster! [*A cry within.*
Hark! You are pursu'd; fly, fly my lord! and save
Yourself.

Phi. How's this! wou'd'st thou I should be safe?

Bel. Else were it vain for me to live. Oh, seize,
My lord, this offer'd means of your escape!
The princess, I am sure, will ne'er reveal you;
They have no mark to know you, but your wounds;
I, coming in betwixt the boot and you,
Was wounded too. To stay the loss of blood
I did bind on this scarf, which thus
I tear away. Fly! and 'twill be believed
'Twas I assail'd the princess.

Phi. O heavens!

What hast thou done? Art thou then true to me?

Bel. Or let me perish loath'd! Come, my good lord,
Creep in amongst those bushes. Who does know,
But what the gods may save your much lov'd breath?

Phi. Oh, I shall die for grief! What wilt thou do?

Bel. Shift for myself well: peace, I hear 'em come!

Within. Follow, follow, so low; that way they went.

Bel. With my own wounds I'll bloody my own sword!
I need not counterfeit to fall; Heav'n knows
That I can stand no longer.

Enter Pharamond, Dion, Cleremont, Thrafiline, &c.

Pha. To this place we have track'd him by his blood.

Cler. Yonder, my lord, creeps one away.

Dion. Stay, sir, what are you?

Bel. A wretched creature wounded in these woods
By beasts! relieve me, if your names be men,
Or I shall perish!

Dion. This is he, my lord,
Upon my soul, assail'd her; 'tis the boy,
That wicked boy, that serv'd her.

Pha. Oh, thou wretch!
What cause could'st thou shape
To hurt the princess?

Bel. Then I am betray'd.

Dion. Betray'd! no, apprehended.

Bel. I confess,
Urge it no more, that, big with evil thoughts,
I set upon her, and did make my aim
Her death. For charity, let fall at once
The punishment you mean, and do not load
This weary flesh with tortures!

Pha. I will know
Who hit'd thee to this deed.

Bel. My own revenge.

Pha. Revenge! for what?

Bel. It pleas'd her to receive
Me as her page, and, when my fortunes ebb'd,
That men strid o'er them careless, she did shower
Her welcome graces on me, and did swell
My fortunes, till they overflow'd their banks,
Threat'ning the men that cross'd 'em; when, as swift
As storms arise at sea, she turn'd her eyes
To burning furs upon me, and did dry
The streams she had bestow'd, leaving me worse,
And more contemn'd than other little brooks,
Because I had been great. In short, I knew
I could not live, and therefore did desire
To die reveng'd.

Pha. If tortures can be found,
Long as thy natural life, prepare to feel
The utmost rigour.

Cler. Help to lead him hence.

Philaster comes forth.

Phi. Turn back, you ravishers of innocence!
Know ye the price of that you bear away

So rudely ?

Phi. Who's that ?

Dion. 'Tis the lord Philaster.

Phi. 'Tis not the treasure of all kings in one,
The wealth of Tagus, nor the rocks of pearl
That pave the court of Neptune can weigh down
That virtue. It was I assail'd the princess.
Place me, some god, upon a pyramid,
Higher than hills of earth, and send a voice
Loud as your thunder to me, that from thence
I may discourse to all the under-world
The worth that dwell's in him !

Phi. How's this ?

Bel. My lord, some man

Weary of life, that would be glad to die.

Phi. Leave these untimely courtesies, Bellario.

Bel. Alas ! he's mad ; come, will you lead me on ?

Phi. By all the oaths that men ought most to keep,
And gods do punish most when men do break,
He touch'd her not. Take heed, Bellario,
How thou dost drown the virtues thou hast shown,
With perjury. By all that's good, 'twas I ;
You know the flood betwixt me and my right.

Phi. Thy own tongue be thy judge.

Cler. It was Philaster.

Dion. Is't not a brave boy ?

Well, fir, I fear me, we are all deceiv'd.

Phi. Have I no friend here ?

Dion. Yes

Phi. Then shew it ; some

Good body lend a hand to draw us nearer.

Would you have tears shed for you when you die ?

Then lay me gently on his neck, that there

I may weep floods, (*They lead him to Bellario.*) and breathe
out my spirit ;

'Tis not the wealth of Plutus, nor the gold

Lock'd in the heart of earth, can buy away

This arm-ful from me. You hard-hearted men,

More stony than these mountains, can you see

Such clear, pure blood drop, and not cut your flesh

To stop his life ? To bind whose bitter wounds.

Queens ought to tear their hair, and with their tears

Bathe them. Forgive me, thou that art the wealth

Of poor Philaster !

Enter King, Arethusa, and a guard.

King. Is the villain ta'en ?

Phi. Sir, here he confess the deed ; but say it was Philaster.

Phi. Question it no more, it was.

King. The fellow that did fight with him will tell us.

Are. Ah, me ! I know he will.

King. Did not you know him?

Are. No, sir; if it was he, he was disguised.

Phi. I was so. Oh, my stars! that I should live still.

King. Thou ambitious fool!

Thou, that hast laid a train for thy own life;
Bear him to prison.

Are. Sir, they did plot together to take hence
This harmless life; should it pass unreveng'd,
I should to earth go weeping: grant me then
(By all the love a father bears his child)
The custody of both, and to appoint
Their tortures and their death.

King. 'Tis granted: take them to you, with a guard.
Come, princely Pharamond, this business past,
We may with more security go on
To your intended match.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

The presence chamber. Enter King, Dion, Clermont, and Thrasiline.

King. Gentlemen, who saw the prince?

Cler. So please you, sir, he's gone to see the city,
And the new platform, with some gentlemen
Attending on him.

King. Is the princess ready
To bring her prisoner out?

Thra. She waits your grace.

King. Tell her we stay.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Where's the king?

King. Here.

Mes. To your strength. O king,
And rescue the prince Pharamond from danger
He's taken prisoner by the citizens,
Fearing the lord Philaster.

King. Away to th' citadel; I'll see them safe
And then cope with these burghers: let the guard
And all the gentlemen give strong attendance.

[*Exit.*]

Cler. The city up! 'Tis was above our wishes.

Dion. Well, my dear countrymen, if you continue, and fall
not back upon the first broken shin, I'll have you chronicled,
and chronicled, and cut and chronicled, and sung in all-to-be-
praised sonnets, and graved in new brave ballads, that all
tongues shall trouble you in *scacula scaculorum*, my kind can-
carriers.

Thra. What if a toy take them i'th' heels now, and they all
run away, and cry, the devil take the hindermost?

Dion. Then the same devil take the foremost too, and fouse
him for his breakfast! May they keep whores and horses, and
drunk; and live mew'd up with necks of beef and turnips!

May they have many children, and none like the father! May they know no language but that gibberish they prattle to their parcels, unless it be the Gothic Lat.n they write in their bonds, and may they write that false, and lose their debts!

Enter the King.

King. 'Tis Philaster.

None but Philaster, must allay this heat;
They will not hear me speak; but call me tyrant.
My daughter and Bellario too declare,
Were he to die, that they would both die with him.
Oh, run, dear friend, and bring the lord Philaster;
Speak him fair; call him prince; do him all
The courtesy you can; commend me to him.
I have already given orders for his liberty.

Cler. My lord, he's here.

Enter Philaster.

King. Oh, worthy sir, forgive me; I have wrong'd you.
Calm the people,
And be what you were born to: take your love,
And with her my repentance:
By th' gods, my heart speaks this.
And if the least fall from me not perform'd,
May I be struck with thunder.

Phi. Mighty sir,

I will not do your greatness so much wrong.
As not to make your word truth; free the prince's
And the poor boy, and let me stand the shock
Of this mad sea-breach, which I'll either turn
Or perish with it.

King. Let your own word free them.

Phi. Then thus I take my leave, kissing your hand,
And hanging on your royal word: be kingly,
And be not mov'd, sir; I shall bring you peace,
Or never bring myself back.

King. All the gods go with thee.

(Exeunt.)

SCENE II. *A street in the city. Enter an old captain and citizens with Pharamond.*

Cap. Come, my brave myrmidons, let us fall on,
Let our caps swarm, my boys,
And your nimble tongues forget your mothers'
Gibberish of what you do lack. and set your mouths
Up, children, till your palates fall frighted half a
Fathom, past the cure of bay-salt and gross pepper,
And then cry Philaster, brave Philaster.

All. Phi-laster! Phi-laster!

Capt. How do you like this, my lord prince?

Phi. I hear it with disdain, unterrified;
Yet sure humanity has not forsok you;
You will not see me massacred, thus coolly butcher'd by num-
bers?

Enter Philaster

All. Long live Philaster, the brave prince Philaster!

Phi. I thank you, gentlemen; but why are these
Rude weapons brought abroad, to teach your hands
Uncivil trades?

Cap. My royal Rosiclear,
We are thy myrmidons, thy guard, thy roarers;
And when thy noble body is in durance,
Thus we do clap our musty murrions on,
And trace the streets in terror. Is it peace,
Thou Mars of men? Is the king sociable,
And bids thee live? Art thou above thy foemen,
And free as Phœbus? Speak; if not, this stand
Of royal blood shall be a-broach, a-tilt, and run
Even to the lees of honour.

Phi. Hold, and be satisfied; I am myself,
Free as my thoughts are; by the gods, I am.

Cap. Art thou the dainty darling of the king?
Art thou the Hylas to our Hercules?
Is the court navigable, and the presence fluck
With flags of friendship? If not, we are thy castle,
And this man sleeps.

Phi. I am what I desire to be, your friend;
I am what I was born to be, your prince.

Pha. Sir, there is some humanity in you;
You have a noble soul; forget my name,
And know my misery; set me safe aboard
From these wild Cannibals, and, as I live,
I'll quit this land for ever.

Phi. I do pity you: friends, discharge your fears;
Deliver me the prince.
Good, my friends, go to your houses, and by me have
Your pardons, and my love;
And know, there shall be nothing in my pow'r
You may deserve, but you shall have your wishes.

All. Long mayst thou live, brave prince!
Brave prince! brave prince!

[*Exeunt Phi. and Pha.*]

Cap. Go thy ways; thou art the king of courtesy: fall off
again, my sweet youths; come, and every man trace to his house
again, and hang his pewter up; then to the tavern, and bring
your wives in muffs: we will have music, and the red grape
shall make us dance, and rise, boys. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Changes to the court. Enter King, Arethusa,
Galatea, Megra, Cleremont, Dion, Thrasiline, Bellare, and
attendants.*

Dion. Sir, all is as quiet as the dead of night,
As peaceable as sleep. My lord Philaster
Brings on the prince himself.

King. Kind gentleman!
I will not break the least word I have giv'n
In promise to him. I have heap'd a world

Of grief upon his head, which yet I hope
To wash away.

Enter Philaster and Pharamond.

Cler. My lord is come.

King. My son!

Blest be the time, that I have leave to call
Such virtue mine! Streams of grief
That I have wrong'd thee, and as much of joy
That I repent it, issue from mine eyes:
Let them appease thee; take thy right; take her,
She is thy right too, and forget to urge
My vexed soul with that I did before.

Phi. Sir, it is blotted from my memory,
Past and forgotten; for you, prince of Spain,
Whom I have thus redeem'd, you have full leave
To make an honourable voyage home.
And if you would go furnish'd to your realm
With fair provision, I do see a lady,
Methinks, would gladly bear you company.

Meg. Shall I then alone
Be made the mark of obloquy and scorn?
Can shame remain perpetually in me,
And not in others? Or have princes selves
To cure ill names, that meaner people want?

Phi. What mean you?

Meg. You must get another ship
To bear the prince's and the boy together.

Dion. How now!

Meg. I have already published both their shames.

King. Clear thou thyself, or know not me for father.

Are. This earth, how false it is! What means is left
For me to clear myself? It lies in your belief,
My lord; believe me, and let all things else
Struggle together to dishonour me.

Bel. Oh, stop your ears, great king, that I may speak
As freedom would: then I will call this lady
As base as be her actions. Hear me, sir;
Believe your heated blood when it rebels
Against your reason, sooner than this lady.

Phi. This lady! I will sooner trust the wind
With feathers, or the troubled sea with pearl,
Than her with any thing: believe her not!
Why, think you, if I did believe her words,
I would outlive them? Honour cannot take
Revenge on you; then what were to be known
But death?

King. Forget her, sir, since all is knit
Between us: but I must request of you
One favour, and will sadly not be denied.

Phi. Command, whatever it be.

King. Swear to be true

To what you promise.

Phi. By the Pow'rs above,
Let it not be the death of her or him,
And it is granted.

King. Bear away the boy
To torture. I will have her clear'd or buried.

Phi. Oh, let me call my words back, worthy sir;
Ask something else: bury my life and right
In one poor grave; but do not take away
My life and fame at once.

King. Away with him, it stands irrevocable.

Bel. Oh, kill me, gentlemen!

Will you torture me?

King. Haste thee; why stay you?

Bel. Then I shall not break my vow,
You know, just gods, though I discover all.

King. How's that? Will he confess?

Dion. Sir, so he says.

King. Speak then.

Bel. Great king, if you command
This lord to talk with me alone, my tongue
Urg'd by my heart, shall utter all the thoughts
My youth hath known, and stranger things than these
You hear not often.

King. Walk aside with him.

(Dion and Bel. walk aside together.)

Dion. Why speak'st thou not?

Bel. Know you this face, my lord?

Dion. No.

Bel. Have you not seen it, nor the like?

Dion. Yes, I have seen the like, but readily
I know not where.

Bel. I have been often told
In court, of one Euphrasia, a lady,
And daughter to you; betwixt whom and me,
They that would flatter my bad face, would swear
There was such a strange resemblance, that we two
Could not be known asunder, dress alike.

Dion. By Heav'n and so there is!

Bel. For her sake,
Who now doth spend the spring-time of her life
In holy pilgrimage, move to the king,
That I may 'scape this torture.

Dion. But thou speak'st
As like Euphrasia as thou dost look.
How came it to thy knowledge that she lives
In pilgrimage?

Bel. I know it not, my lord.
But I have heard it, yet do scarce believe it.

Dion. Oh, my shame, is it possible? Draw near,
That I may gaze upon thee: art thou she?

Where wert thou born ?

Bel. In Siracusa.

Dion. What's thy name ?

Bel. Euphrasia

Dion. 'Tis just ; 'tis she ; now I do know thee ; oh,
That thou hadst died, and I had never seen
Thee nor my shame.

Bel. Would I had died, indeed ! - I wish it too ;
And so must I have done by vow, ere published
What I have told ; but that there was no means
To hide it longer ? yet I joy in this,
The prince's is all clear.

King. What have you done ?

Dion. All is discover'd.

Are. What is discover'd ?

Dion. Why, my shame ;
It is a woman ; let her speak the rest,

Phi. How ! that again.

Dion. It is a woman

Phi. Blest be you pow'rs that favour innocence !
It is a woman, sir ! hark, gentlemen !
It is a woman. Arethusa, take
My soul into thy breast, that would be gone
With joy ; it is a woman—thou art fair,
And virtuous still to ages, 'spight of malice.

King. Speak you ; where lies his shame ?

Bel. I am his daughter.

Phi. The gods are just.

But, Bellario,

(For I must call thee still so) tell me, why
Thou conceal thy sex, it was a fault ;
A fault. Bellario, though thy other deeds
Of truth outweigh'd it : all these jealousies
Had flown to nothing, if thou hadst discover'd,
What now we know.

Bel. My father oft would speak
Your worth and virtue, and as I did grow
More and more apprehensive, I did thrust
To see the man so prais'd ; but yet all this
Was but a maiden-longing, to be lost
As soon as found ; till sitting in my window,
Printing my thoughts in lawn, I saw a god
I thought (but it was you) enter our gates ;
My blood flew out, and back again as fast,
As I had puff'd it forth and suck'd it in
Like breath ; then was I call'd away in haste
To entertain you. Never was a man
Heav'd from a sheep-cote to a sceptre rais'd
So high in thoughts as I ; you left a kiss
Upon these lips then, which I mean to keep
From you for ever ; I did hear you talk,

Far above singing ; after you were gone,
I grew acquainted with my heart, and search'd
What stirr'd it so : alas ! I found it love ;
Yet far from ill, for could I have but liv'd
In presence of you, I had had my end :
For this I did delude my noble father
With a feign'd pilgrimage, and dress'd myself
In the habit of a boy ; and, for I knew
My birth no match for you I was past hope
Of having you : and understanding well
That when I made discovery of my sex,
I could not stay with you ; I made a vow,
By all the most religious things a maid
Could call together never to be known,
Whilst there was hope to hide me from men's eyes ;
For other than I seem'd, that I might ever
Abide with you ; then sat I by the fount,
Where first you took me up.

King. Search out a match
Within our kingdom, where and when thou wilt,
And I will pay thy dowry ; and thyself
Wilt well deserve him.

Bel. Never, sir, will I
Marry ; it is a thing within my vow.

Phi. I grieve, such virtues should be laid in earth
Without an heir. Hear me, my royal father.
Wrong not the freedom of our souls so much,
To think to take revenge of that base woman
Her malice cannot hurt us, set her free
As she were born, saving from shame and sin.

King. Well ! be it so. You, Pharamond,
Shall have free passage, and a conduct home
Worthy so great a prince ; when you come there,
Remember, 'twas your faults that lost you her,
And not my purpos'd will.

Phi. I do confess it ;
And let this confession
Spread an oblivion o'er my follies past.

King. It shall—All is forgot ;
Now join your hands in one. Enjoy, Philaster,
This kingdom, which is yours, and after me
Whatever I call mine ; my blessing on you !
All happy hours be at your marriage-joys,
That you may grow yourselves over all lands,
And live to see your plenteous branches spring
Wherever there is sun !—Let princes learn
By this to rule the passions of their blood ;
For, what Heav'n wills, can never be withstood.



